

TEAM FORTRESS[®]



TEUFORT.

WEEKS AGO.

—GET TO THE COURTHOUSE AND FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING SPY AND SCOUT.

AND REMEMBER: **LOW PROFILE.** GOT IT?

OCH AYE. WE'LL BE QUIET AS WEE CHURCH MICE, MISS PAULING.

SOLDIER?

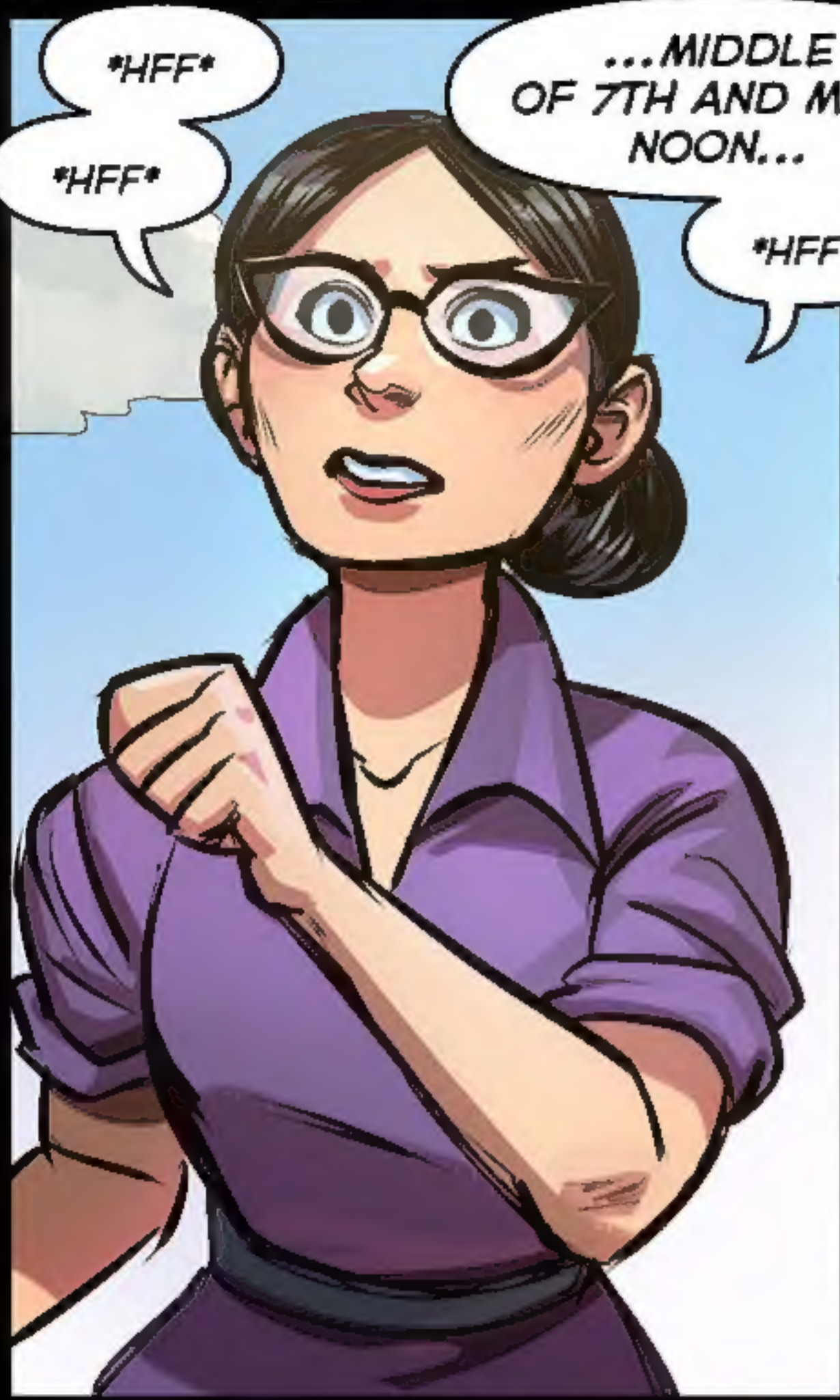
WHAT? YES. WE WILL KILL ALL THE MICE.

CRAP, GOTTA GO.

PYRO! YOU'RE WITH ME.

...ALLEY, MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN, NOON...





HFF

...MIDDLE
OF 7TH AND MAIN,
NOON...

HFF

ALLEY!
MIDDLE OF
7TH AND
MAIN.

EXAAACTLY...
NOON.





HFF
HFF

...MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN, NOON...

HFF

ALLEY!
MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN.

EXAAACTLY... NOON.



MISS PAULING.

ADMINISTRATOR?



OH, THANK GOD!

I'VE ALMOST GOT THE TEAM TOGETHER LIKE YOU ASKED! WE'RE BREAKING OUT SPY AND SCOUT RIGHT NOW. I TRACKED HEAVY TO SIBERIA AND—

DON'T. COME. IN. HERE.



UM.

OKAY.

ARE YOU...

ARE YOU
ALRIGHT,
ADMINI—

NO, I
AM *NOT*
ALRIGHT!

NOTHING IS
ALRIGHT, AND I DO NOT
HAVE TIME TO PRETEND TO
BE YOUR *FRIEND*, MISS
PAULING!

NOW
SHUT UP
AND LISTEN
TO ME!



ARE YOU...

ARE YOU ALRIGHT, ADMINI—

NO, I AM NOT ALRIGHT!

NOTHING IS ALRIGHT, AND I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO PRETEND TO BE YOUR FRIEND, MISS PAULING!

NOW SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME!



SIGH

I APOLOGIZE. YOU'VE DONE WELL. AND I'M...

...PROUD OF YOU.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME. PLEASE JUST LISTEN.



THERE ARE
89,000 TONNES
OF AUSTRALIUM IN
EXISTENCE, MISS
PAULING.



THERE ARE **89,000 TONNES** OF AUSTRALIUM IN EXISTENCE, MISS PAULING.



OVER THE LAST SIX MONTHS I HAVE LIED, CHEATED AND KILLED TO OBTAIN ALL OF IT.



UM.

THE MERC'S AND I HAVE BEEN OFF THE GRID FOR THE LAST **SIX MONTHS**.

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN **GETTING** ALL THESE...?



THERE ARE **89,000 TONNES OF AUSTRALIUM** IN EXISTENCE, MISS PAULING.



OVER THE LAST SIX MONTHS I HAVE LIED, CHEATED AND KILLED TO OBTAIN ALL OF IT.

UM.

THE MERC'S AND I HAVE BEEN OFF THE GRID FOR THE LAST **SIX MONTHS.**

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN **GETTING** ALL THESE...?



YOU'RE BETTER OFF NOT KNOWING.

THERE IS **ONE LAST CACHE OF AUSTRALIUM**, MISS PAULING.

AND WE'RE NO LONGER THE ONLY ONES LOOKING FOR IT.

YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.
FINISH GATHERING YOUR MEN
AND GET TO THAT CACHE
QUICKLY.

MEET ME AT
THESE COORDINATES ONCE
YOU HAVE IT.



YES, MA'AM.

I'M STILL TRYING
TO FIND MEDIC AND
ENGINEER, BUT—



YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME. FINISH GATHERING YOUR MEN AND GET TO THAT CACHE QUICKLY.

MEET ME AT THESE COORDINATES ONCE YOU HAVE IT.



YES, MA'AM.

I'M STILL TRYING TO FIND MEDIC AND ENGINEER, BUT—



FORGET ABOUT THEM.



GATHER THE MERCS YOU HAVE FOUND AND GET MY AUSTRALIUM.

AND IF YOU DO RUN INTO THIS OTHER TEAM...

DON'T WORRY. WE CAN HANDLE THEM.

YES, I KNOW THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.

LISTEN TO ME:

TAKE THE AUSTRALIUM AND RUN.

PART FOUR:

BLOOD IN THE WATER



AUSTRALIA.

NOW.

SO THIS MISSION
MISS PAULING SENT US ON.
IT'S A **SECRET MISSION**,
RIGHT? SO ONLY PEOPLE
SHE **REALLY TRUSTS**.

YES.

AND MISS PAULING
ASKED FOR ME
SPECIFICALLY.

YES, FINE.

WHY DIDN'T SHE
TALK TO ME INSTEAD
YOU? DID SHE SAY?

DID SHE SAY IT WAS
FOR **SEXUAL TENSION**
REASONS?

THAT IS
FINE.





WAIT. IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US. HOW'S SHE EXPECT US TO GET ALL THE AUSTRALIUM OUTTA THIS PLACE?

THERE IS NO AUSTRALIUM.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

I DO NOT KNOW. I SUSPECT.

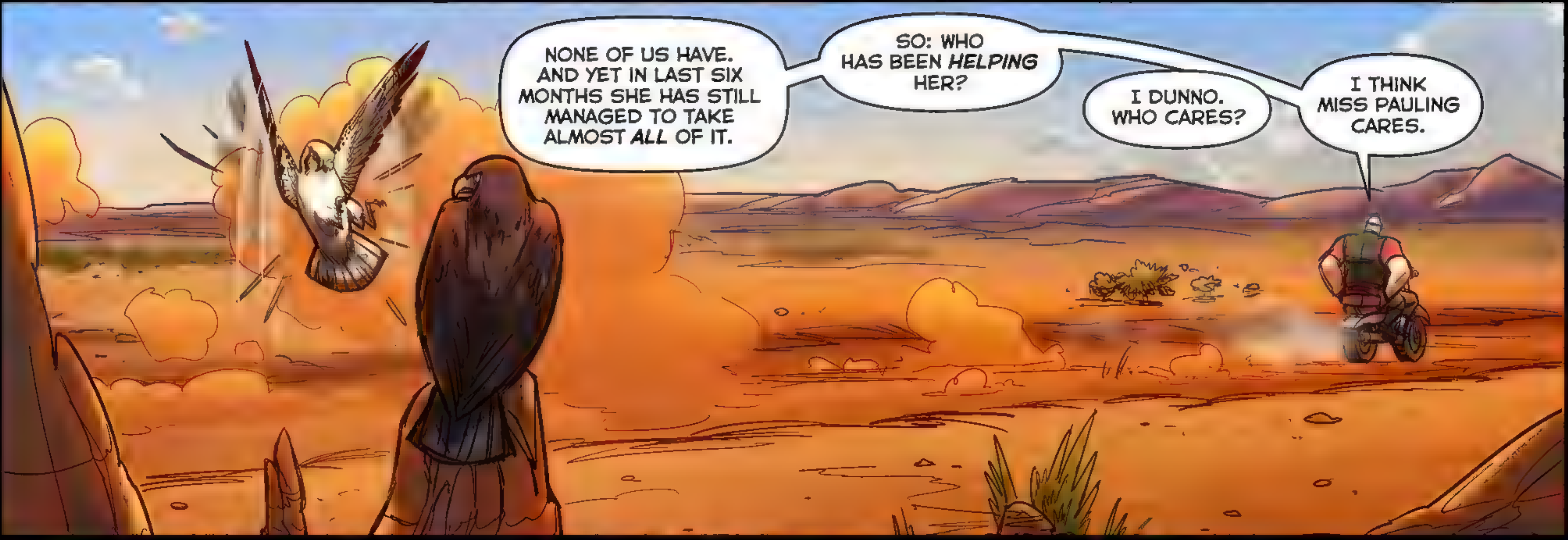


WHY THE HELL ARE WE GOIN', THEN?

HOW MUCH AUSTRALIUM HAVE YOU HELPED THE OLD WOMAN TO FIND?

UHHH.

NONE.



NONE OF US HAVE. AND YET IN LAST SIX MONTHS SHE HAS STILL MANAGED TO TAKE ALMOST ALL OF IT.

SO: WHO HAS BEEN HELPING HER?

I DUNNO. WHO CARES?

I THINK MISS PAULING CARES.



AND YOU GOT ALL THAT FROM "GO HERE"?

YOU SHOULD LISTEN MORE AND TALK LESS.



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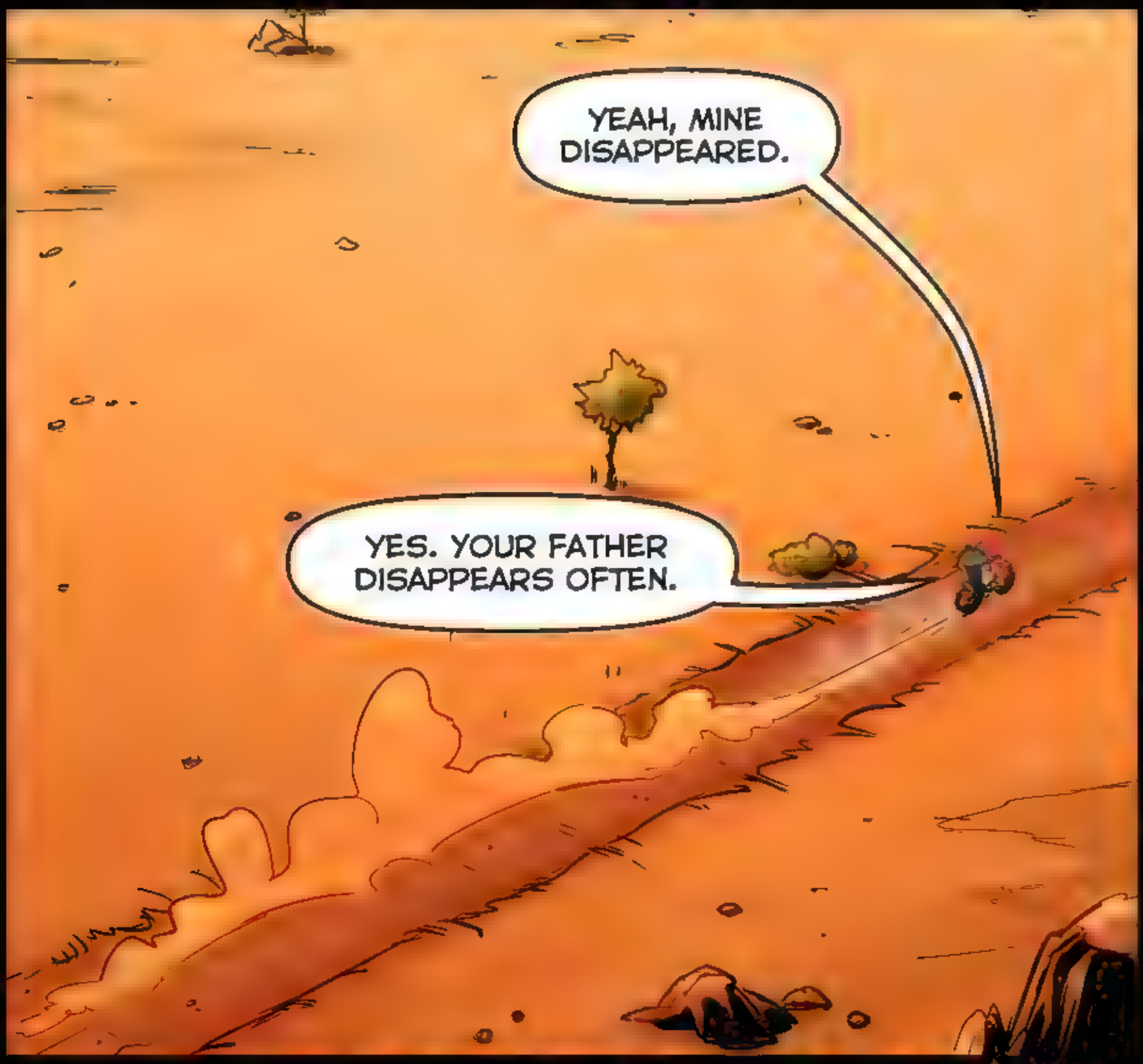
AND YOU GOT ALL THAT FROM "GO HERE"?

YOU SHOULD LISTEN MORE AND TALK LESS.



SO YOUR DAD'S DEAD, HUH?

YES.



YEAH, MINE DISAPPEARED.

YES. YOUR FATHER DISAPPEARS OFTEN.



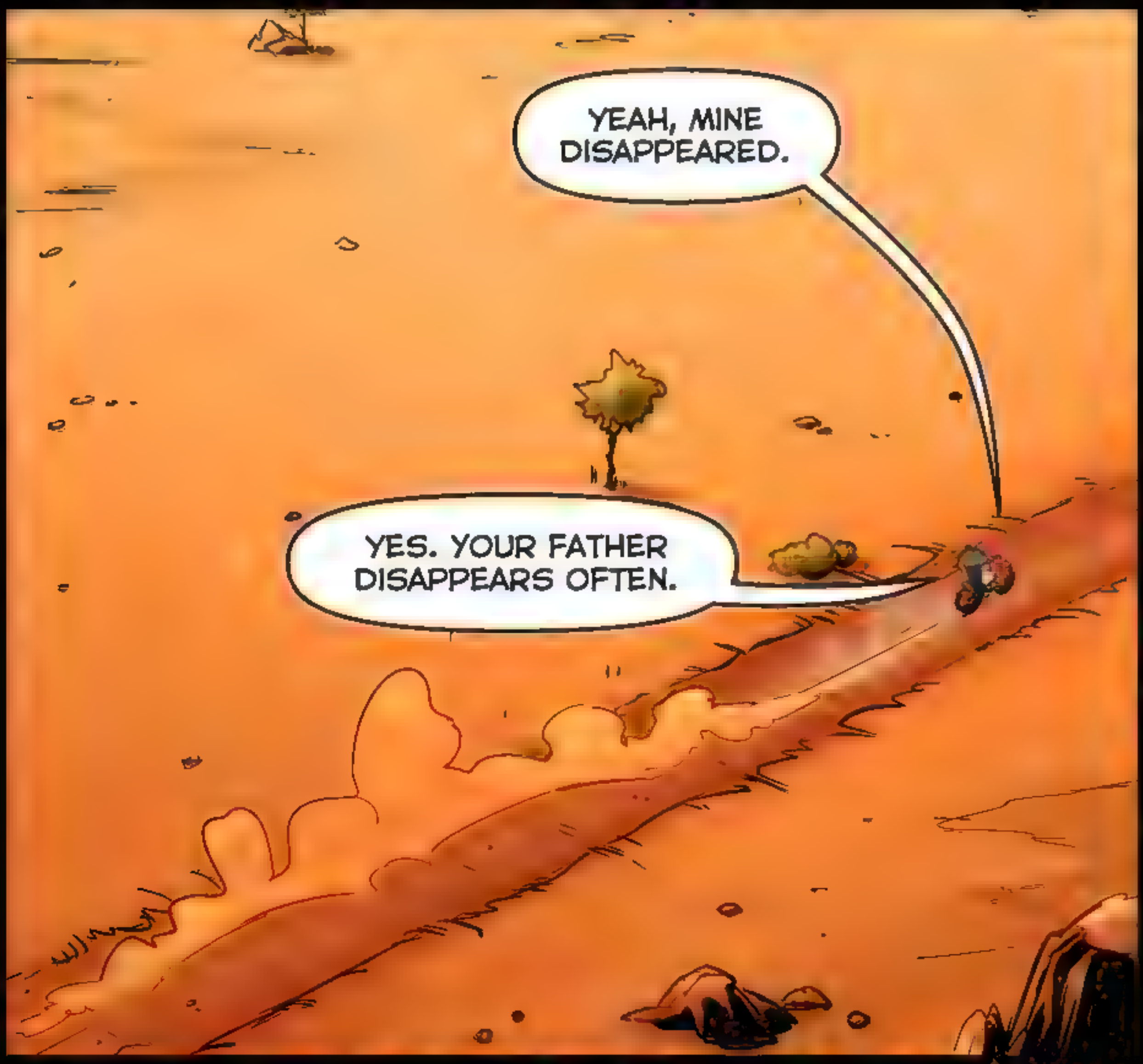
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WHAT? NO!

MY DAD'S DEAD! I DON'T HAVE A DAD!



AND YOU GOT ALL THAT FROM "GO HERE"?

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WHAT? NO!

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HE IS
DEAD.

IT IS A
PAINFUL
MEMORY.

OF A THING
THAT ACTUALLY
HAPPENED.

TO A MAN
NONE OF US HAVE
EVER MET.

SO LET'S
STOP TALKIN'
ABOUT IT!



HE IS
DEAD.

IT IS A
PAINFUL
MEMORY.

OF A THING
THAT ACTUALLY
HAPPENED.

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NONE OF US HAVE
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SO LET'S
STOP TALKIN'
ABOUT IT!



YES.

FINE.



I'M NOT A BABYSITTER.

YOU'RE NOT BABYSITTING HIM. HE'S YOUR BACKUP.

HE'S A LIABILITY. YOU'RE NOT *STILL* LOOKING FOR THE BUSHMAN, ARE YOU?



ALMOST DONE. WE'RE FOLLOWING UP ON ONE LAST LEAD.

HE'S HIDING SOMEWHERE IN THE BUSHES. DO WE REALLY NEED TO FIND HIM SO HE CAN GO HIDE IN A DIFFERENT SET OF BUSHES?

I STILL SAY—



SPY, DID YOU CALL ME JUST TO COMPLAIN?

SIGH

NOT ORIGINALLY, NO.

I'LL CALL WHEN I'M DONE.

CLICK



ACH, PULL OVER. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.



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NOT ORIGINALLY, NO.

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CLICK



ACH, PULL OVER. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.

BLOODY HELL, I'VE SLEPT ON TOILETS NICER THAN THIS. SNIPER'S PARENTS LIVE HERE?

THEY DID. WHAT HAPPENED HERE...?



HELLO?

MR. AND MRS. MUNDY?

SNIPER?

WELL, THERE'S NOBODY HERE. LET'S GO.



HOLD ON, HOLD ON. WE DROVE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE.

WE SHOULD AT LEAST SEARCH THE PLACE.



MISS PAULING, ALL WE'RE GONNA FIND IS A ROOM FULLA PISS-JARS AND FINGERNAILS.

HELLO?

MR. AND
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LET'S GO.

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THE MAN'S
A BLOODY LUNATIC.
WE TRIED TA FIND HIM,
AND WE CAN'T. GOOD
RIDDANCE.

LET'S GET OUTTA
THIS HOVEL BEFORE HE
MAKES A LAMP OUT OF
OUR FACES.



HELLO?

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LET'S GET OUTTA THIS HOVEL BEFORE HE MAKES A LAMP OUT OF OUR FACES.



AGHHHH!

TUNK

DEMO!



EXPECT HEAVY
RESISTANCE ALONG THE
EASTERN PERIMETER.

I WANT YOU
TO TREAT THESE
MEN WITH *EXTREME*
PREJUDICE.

NO TRESPASSING

NAVAL SUBMARINE BASE

NO TRESPASSING
NAVAL SUBMARINE BASE

EXPECT HEAVY RESISTANCE ALONG THE EASTERN PERIMETER.

I WANT YOU TO TREAT THESE MEN WITH *EXTREME PREJUDICE*.



YOU... WANT ME TO BE RACIST AT THEM.

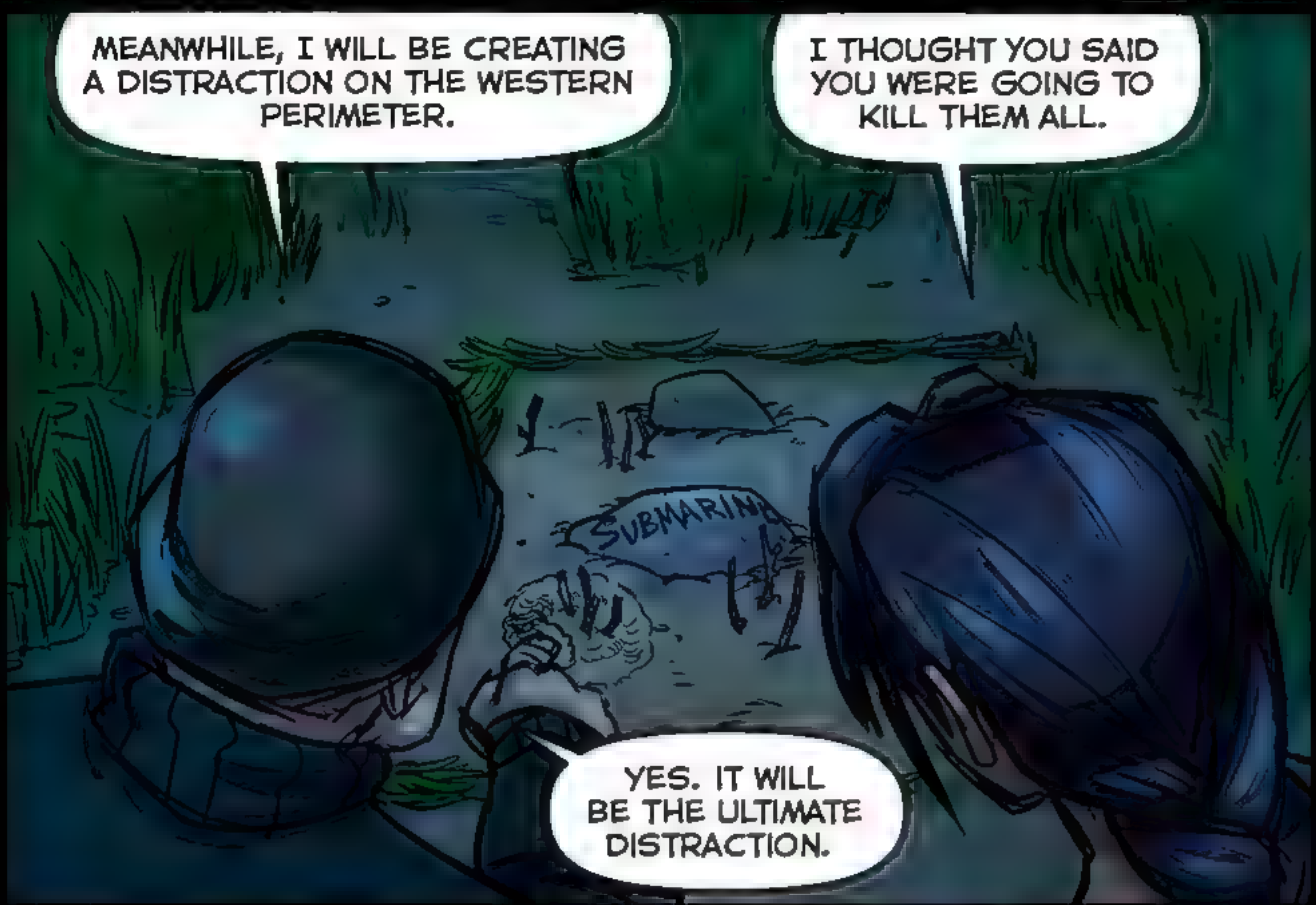


I'VE MADE THAT SAME MISTAKE, BUT NO.

"EXTREME PREJUDICE" JUST MEANS KILLING EVERYBODY AS VIOLENTLY AS POSSIBLE.



I WILL LEAVE THE AMOUNT OF *ACTUAL* PREJUDICE TO YOUR DISCRETION.



MEANWHILE, I WILL BE CREATING
A DISTRACTION ON THE WESTERN
PERIMETER.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID
YOU WERE GOING TO
KILL THEM ALL.


YES. IT WILL
BE THE ULTIMATE
DISTRACTION.



AND THEN EAST MEETS WEST
IN THE MIDDLE, YES?

LOOK FOR
THE NAKED MAN
COVERED IN
BLOOD.

IT WILL
PROBABLY
BE ME.

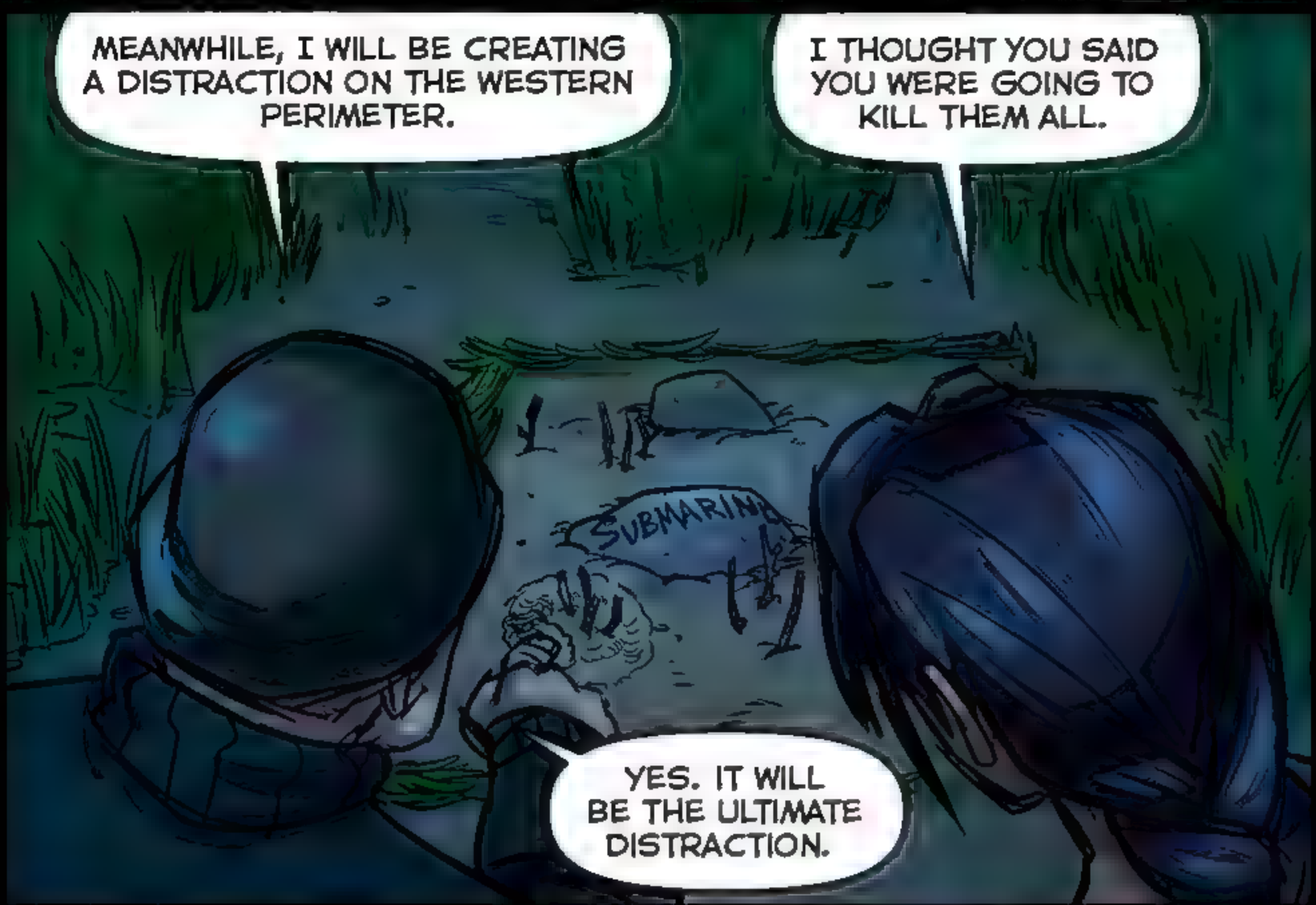


LOOK, I WAS
GOING TO SAVE
THIS FOR LATER,
BUT...

SON, THESE
ARE **AUSTRALIANS**
WE'RE UP AGAINST.

THERE IS A
GOOD CHANCE WE
WILL BE GOING ON
OUR HONEYMOON
IN **BODYBAGS**.

SO...



MEANWHILE, I WILL BE CREATING
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OUR HONEYMOON
IN **BODYBAGS**.

SO...



I AM MAKING
YOU A NECKLACE OF
HUMAN EARS.

I KNOW IT'S UPSETTING
TO LOOK AT, BUT TRUST ME:
BY THE TIME IT'S FINISHED,
THERE WILL BE A LOT MORE
EARS ON IT.

ZHANNA...?

SSSSSSSMACK!



IF YOU TWO ARE FINISHED RUTTING LIKE PIGS...

I'VE BEEN SCOUTING AHEAD.



SPY! WE CAME UP WITH A PLAN!

NO YOU DIDN'T, AND YOU'RE BOTH MORONS.



WHAT?!

ZHANNA! QUICKLY! BE RACIST!

YOU [REDACTED] THE [REDACTED].

HA! YOU HEAR THAT, STUPID? MY FIANCEE HATES YOUR WHOLE STINKING RACE! BET YOU DIDN'T PLAN FOR THAT!

SIGH

FOLLOW ME.



HOLD ON. WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

OHhhh, I GET IT! YOU KEPT ALL THE KILLS FOR YOURSELF!

SNUCK IN, BACKSTABBED EVERYBODY AND TOOK THE KEYS!

I GUESS I CAN GET THOSE EARS ON THE WAY OUT...

I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE FOR THESE KEYS.





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I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE FOR THESE KEYS.



THEY GAVE THEM TO ME.









WE ARE SURROUNDED!

SPY, YOU IDIOT! IT'S A TRAP!

LET'S GO, FISTS! MAKE ME PROUD, MEN!



HUTTAH!



HUTTAH.



NECK SNAP!!



STOP!

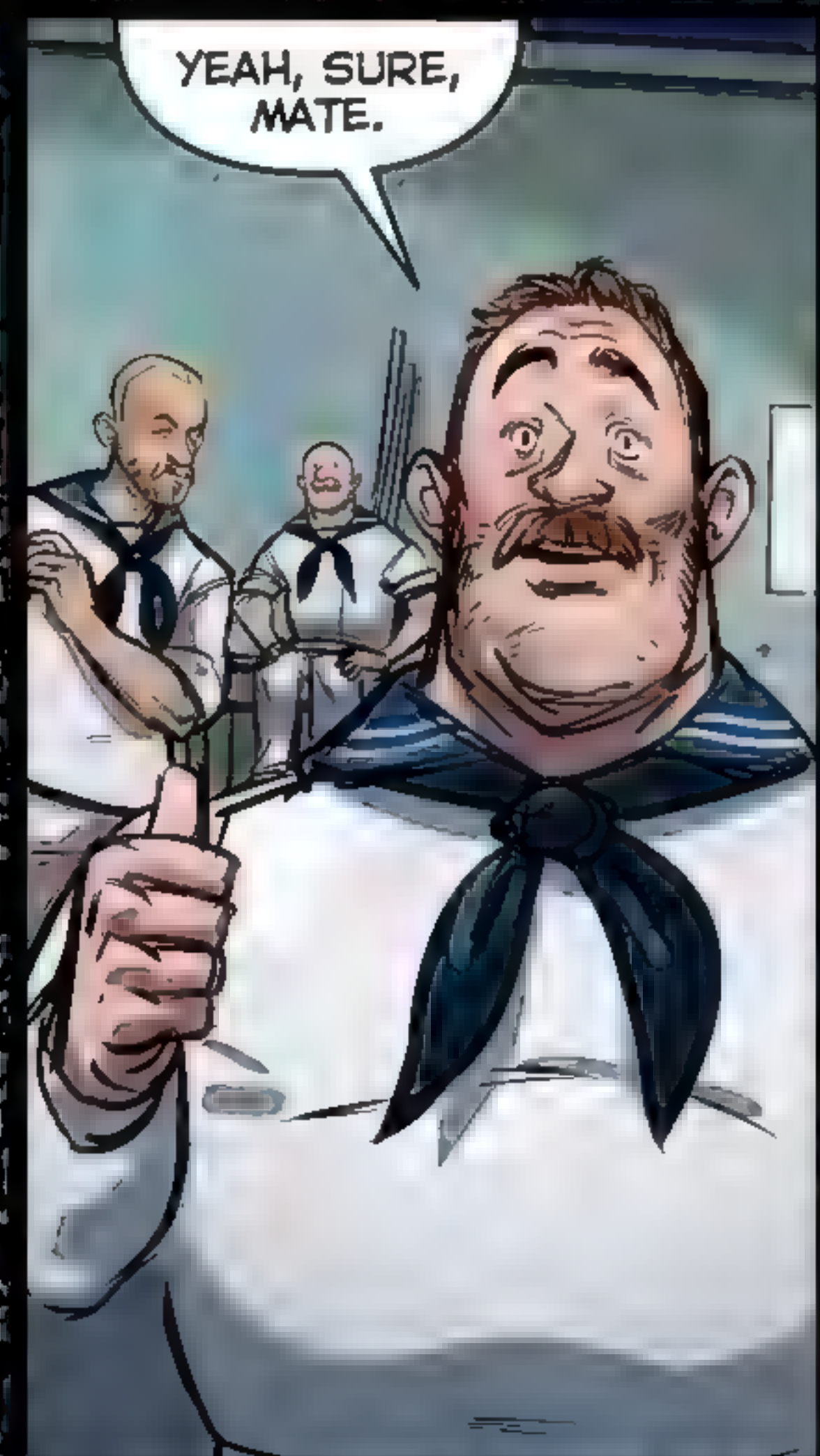
STOP,
YOU IDIOTS!

NONE OF THIS
IS NECESSARY!



YOU.

GIVE ME YOUR
SUBMARINE.



YEAH, SURE,
MATE.



SO WE SNAPPED
THAT MAN'S NECK
FOR NOTHING.

I'M AFRAID SO.

OH.

MAYBE WE
SHOULD SNAP ONE
MORE JUST TO BE—

NO.



I WILL NOT BELIEVE THIS!
AUSTRALIANS ARE STRONGEST
FIGHTERS IN WORLD!

YOU! FIGHT ME!



PAT



THESE
MEN ARE NOT
AUSTRALIANS!

THEY ARE
CUPCAKES!

NO, THESE ARE
AUSTRALIANS.

AUSTRALIANS
ROBBED OF THE
SOURCE OF ALL
THEIR POWER.

THEIR AUSTRALIUM
MINE WENT DRY TWO
MONTHS AGO.

RATHER
SUDDENLY, I'M TOLD.

PAT
PAT
PAT



S'ALL TRUE, MATE. EVERY LAST BIT OF IT'S GONE.

WE'RE WEAK AS KITTENS.

LITTLE HELP?



THIS IS ALL SO SAD.

IT'S AGAINST EVERYTHING I STAND FOR, BUT...



NECK FIX



THERE. GOOD AS NEW.

LISTEN, ENLISTED MAN TO ENLISTED MAN, I PROMISED MY LADY FRIEND SOME EARS.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD...

I...

I CAN ASK THE LADS...

YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST. I'LL GO FIND A KNIFE.



PAT

PAT

PAT



MISS PAULING STILL AIN'T ANSWERIN' THE PHONE.

HUH. THAT AIN'T LIKE HER. I HOPE SHE'S OKAY.

MISS PAULING CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.

LET'S LOOK AROUND.



SO THIS IS AYER'S ROCK, HUH? I ALWAYS FIGURED IT WAS MADE OF AUSTRALIUM.

IT IS.



YEAH, NO, IT'S NOT. AUSTRALIUM'S YELLOW.

Y'KNOW, JUST 'CAUSE YA BARELY TALK DON'T MAKE WHAT YA DO SAY ANY SMARTER.

NAH, WHAT WE GOT
HERE, BROTHER, IS A BILLION
TONS A' GOOD OL' MAGMUS
SEDIMALISHUS MINERALIS—
OR "COMMON ROCK"
TO THE LAYMAN.



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IT IS FOUND
THROUGHOUT THE
LANDS, AS IT HAS
BEEN THROUGH
HISTORY. ALSO...

WHAT
THE...



SHIFFFFFFFT

NAH, WHAT WE GOT
HERE, BROTHER, IS A BILLION
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IT IS FOUND
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HISTORY. ALSO...

WHAT
THE...



TONK

SHIFFFFFFFT

YES! YES!
I KNEW IT!

SCREW YOU,
EVERYBODY! I FINALLY
GOT SUPER STRONG!



CRNK

IS HOLLOW SHELL MADE
OF Balsa WOOD AND
STYROFOAM.

FOLLOW ME.





BE
SILENT.

SOMEONE
IS HERE.



BE SILENT.

SOMEONE IS HERE.

WOWWWW.
LOOKIT ALL
THIS!

SO THIS IS WHERE
AUSTRALIANS GET ALL THEIR
AUSTRALIUM, HUH?

I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND YOU.
I HAVE TOLD YOU THAT
SOMEONE IS HERE AND
TO BE SILENT.



HOLD ON, THAT
AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE
AUSTRALIUM'S—



HOLD ON, THAT AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE AUSTRALIUM'S—



GGK?

KT-SHHHH!



KHK! HEAVY!

PULL ME UP PULL ME UP PULL ME UP!

TUG



HOLD ON, THAT AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE AUSTRALIUM'S—



GGK?

KT-CHHHH!



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PULL ME UP PULL ME UP PULL ME UP!

TUG



NNNG!

OW!

OW OW OW OW!

OKAY, THAT IS NOT WORKIN'! LET ME GO LET ME GO LET ME—

CRACK





...GO!
AGGHHHH!



SNAG

GOT HIM?

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

TOOM



...GO!
AGGHHHH!



SNAG

GOT HIM!

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?


TOOM



YOU BETTER START TALKING,
BECAUSE IN FIVE SECONDS I'M GOING
TO PUT MY FOOT UP YOUR ASS!

THEN WE'LL BOTH HAVE TO
GO TO A SPECIAL HOSPITAL!
FEET UP THE ASS ARE LIKE
ARROWS, SON, YOU CAN'T JUST
PULL 'EM OUT! THEY'LL HAVE TO
PUSH MY WHOLE BODY OUT
THROUGH YOUR MOUTH!

TRUST ME,
SPEAK UP! NEITHER OF US
WANTS THIS!



OH MY GOD!
IT'S JUST A
TINY CHILD!

I'M SO SORRY,
LITTLE BOY!

DON'T BABY
HIM, MAGS! HE'LL
GROW UP SOFT!



WHAT? I'M NOT
A KID!

GOOD LORD, SAX.
I THINK IT'S TELLING
THE TRUTH.

IT'S... SOME
SORT OF TINY LITTLE
FULL-GROWN MAN.



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SORT OF TINY LITTLE
FULL-GROWN MAN.

GODDAMMIT,
LADY...

I'M A HIRED KILLER!
MISTER HALE, YOU HIRED ME!
WE'RE YOUR MERCS!



MY MERCS?
WHICH—

OHhhh.
YOU GUYS.


HELEN SENT
YOU, THEN?



YES.

WHAT? NO,
MISS PAUL—

YES, THE
OLD WOMAN
SENT US.


A man with a mustache and a wide-brimmed hat is shown in profile, gesturing with his hand. He is wearing a dark shirt. A woman with long hair is partially visible on the right side of the panel.

WELL, IF IT'S AUSTRALIUM SHE'S AFTER, YOU'RE TOO LATE.

IT'S ALL GONE, MATE. EVERY LAST DAMN BIT OF IT.

WE ARE NOT HERE FOR AUSTRALIUM.

WE ARE HERE FOR THE MEN WHO TOOK IT.

A man with a mustache and a wide-brimmed hat is shown from the chest up, smiling broadly. He is shirtless. A woman with long hair is shown from the chest up, smiling. A man with a beard and a dark shirt is visible in the background.

YOU ARE? SWEET PANDA STEAKS, I LOVE IT!

THE THREE OF US'LL TRACK DOWN WHOEVER TOOK THE ROCKS, GET THE ROCKS BACK, THEN USE THE ROCKS TO BEAT THE BRAINS OUT OF THEIR STUPID EYEHOLE!



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SAX, WHAT ABOUT THIS THING?

LEAVE IT.

IT MAKES ME SAD INSIDE JUST LOOKING AT IT.

AW, SAX, SHH! I THINK IT KNOWS WHAT WE'RE SAYING!

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU TWO?



FINE, BRING IT! BUT LET'S MOVE!

THE SOONER WE FIND THAT AUSTRALIUM, THE SOONER I'LL GET MANN CO. BACK!

RIGHT.

MANN CO.



HWWWWWK!

PTUH!

SPLT





HWWWWK! PTUH!
HWWWWK! PTUH!

BLOODY
HELL, GIRL!

ARE YOU
SPITTING
ON ME?

YES!

I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO WAKE
YOU UP FOR TEN
MINUTES!

YE'VE BEEN
SPITTIN' ON
ME FOR TEN
MINUTES?

DEMO, I'M
TIED UP AND I'M
WORRIED AND I'M
VERY THIRSTY!



WELL. THAT IS
DISGUSTIN'.

BUT IT
WORKED.
I'M UP.

AYE, HERE'S WHAT
WE'LL DO. THERE'S A
FORK ON THE FLOOR
JUST BEHIND YOU.

KICK IT
OVER AND
I'LL—





SPLAT
SPLOOT

HWWWWWK! PTUH!
HWWWWWK! PTUH!



BLOODY HELL, GIRL!

ARE YOU SPITTING ON ME?



YES!

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO WAKE YOU UP FOR TEN MINUTES!

YE'VE BEEN SPITTIN' ON ME FOR TEN MINUTES?

DEMO, I'M TIED UP AND I'M WORRIED AND I'M VERY THIRSTY!



WELL. THAT IS DISGUSTIN'.


BUT IT WORKED. I'M UP.

AYE, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO. THERE'S A FORK ON THE FLOOR JUST BEHIND YOU.

KICK IT OVER AND I'LL—




TUNK

A man in a brown hat and jacket is holding a knife to the neck of a woman who is sitting on a chair and tied up with ropes. The woman is wearing a purple shirt and glasses. The man is looking at her with a serious expression.

SORRY, MATE.
CAN'T HAVE YOU UP
AND ABOUT FOR WHAT
HAPPENS NEXT.

WHAT'S IN THAT?
DID YOU POISON
HIM, SNIPER?

A man in a brown hat and jacket is standing in a kitchen. He is holding a bottle of moonshine in his right hand. There are several barrels and a pot on the stove in the background.

NAH. GAVE
'IM A NECKFUL
OF THE FAMILY
MOONSHINE.

FRESH BATCH.
IT DON'T KEEP LONG.
MELTS THROUGH
THE BARRELS.



SORRY, MATE.
CAN'T HAVE YOU UP
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IT DON'T KEEP LONG.
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THE BARRELS.



ANYWAY.

LET'S GET
TO IT.



MY PARENTS... PASSED
SIX MONTHS AGO.

SNIPER, I'M
SORRY...

NOT MY
POINT.

WHEN I WAS
CLEARIN' OUT THE
HOUSE, I FOUND
SOMETHIN'.

THEY'RE
NOT MY REAL
PARENTS.

SO I WENT OFF
THE GRID FOR A BIT.
STARTED DIGGIN'
AROUND.

EVERYTHING LEAVES
A TRAIL, MISS PAULING.
EVERYTHING.

EXCEPT ME.
IT'S LIKE I FELL
FROM THE SKY.

NOBODY
KNOWS NOTHIN'.



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SIX MONTHS AGO.

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NOT MY REAL
PARENTS.

SO I WENT OFF
THE GRID FOR A BIT.
STARTED DIGGIN'
AROUND.

EVERYTHING LEAVES
A TRAIL, MISS PAULING.
EVERYTHING.

EXCEPT ME.
IT'S LIKE I FELL
FROM THE SKY.

NOBODY
KNOWS NOTHIN'.

BUT YOU KNOW.

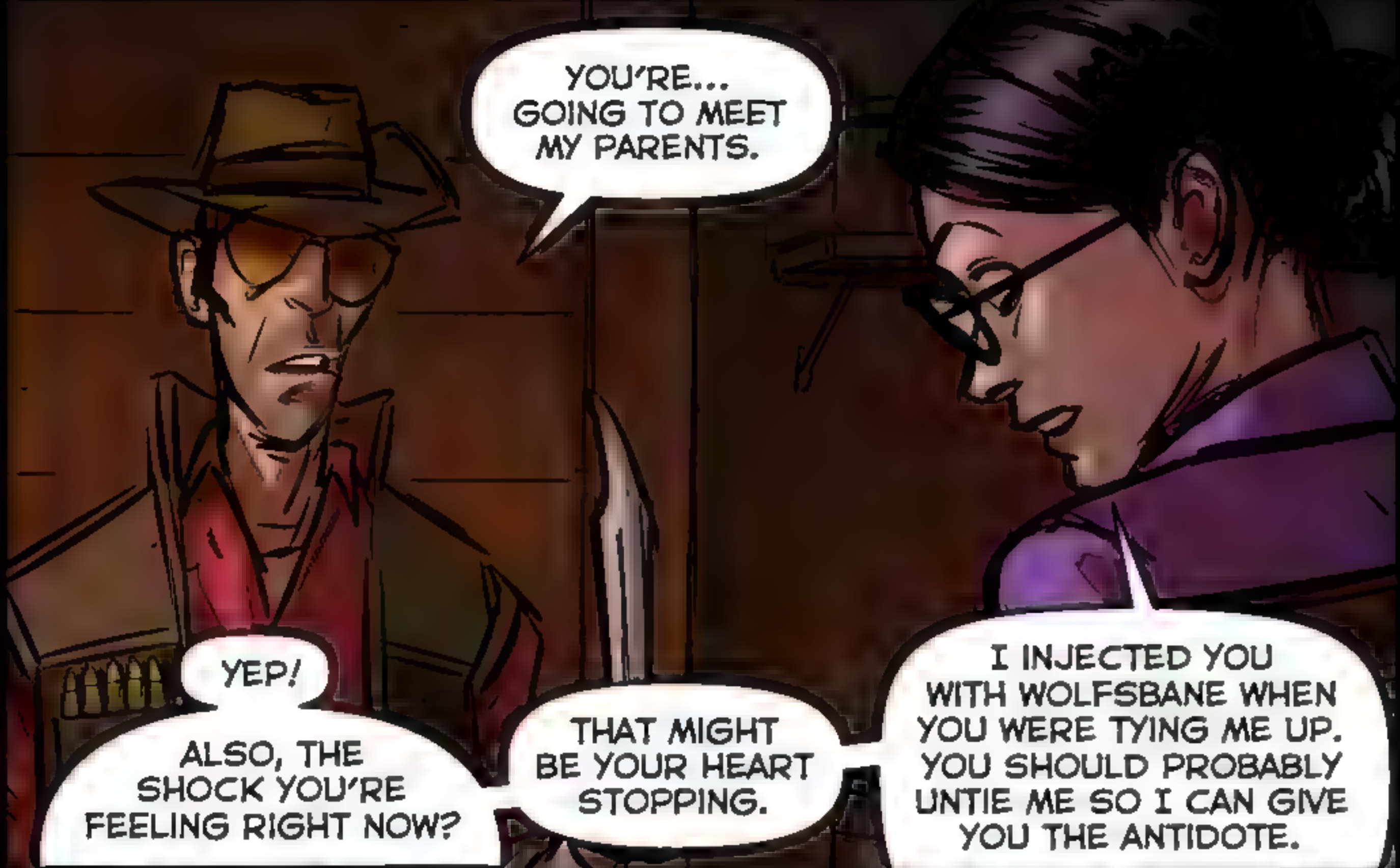
DON'TCHA,
MISS PAULING?

SO HERE'S
WHAT'S GONNA
HAPPEN.

YER GONNA
START TALKIN',
AND—

JESUS, SNIPER,
IS *THAT* ALL YOU
WANT? TO MEET YOUR
BIRTH PARENTS?

WE'RE GOING
THERE NOW! WE CAME
TO ASK YOU TO COME
WITH US!



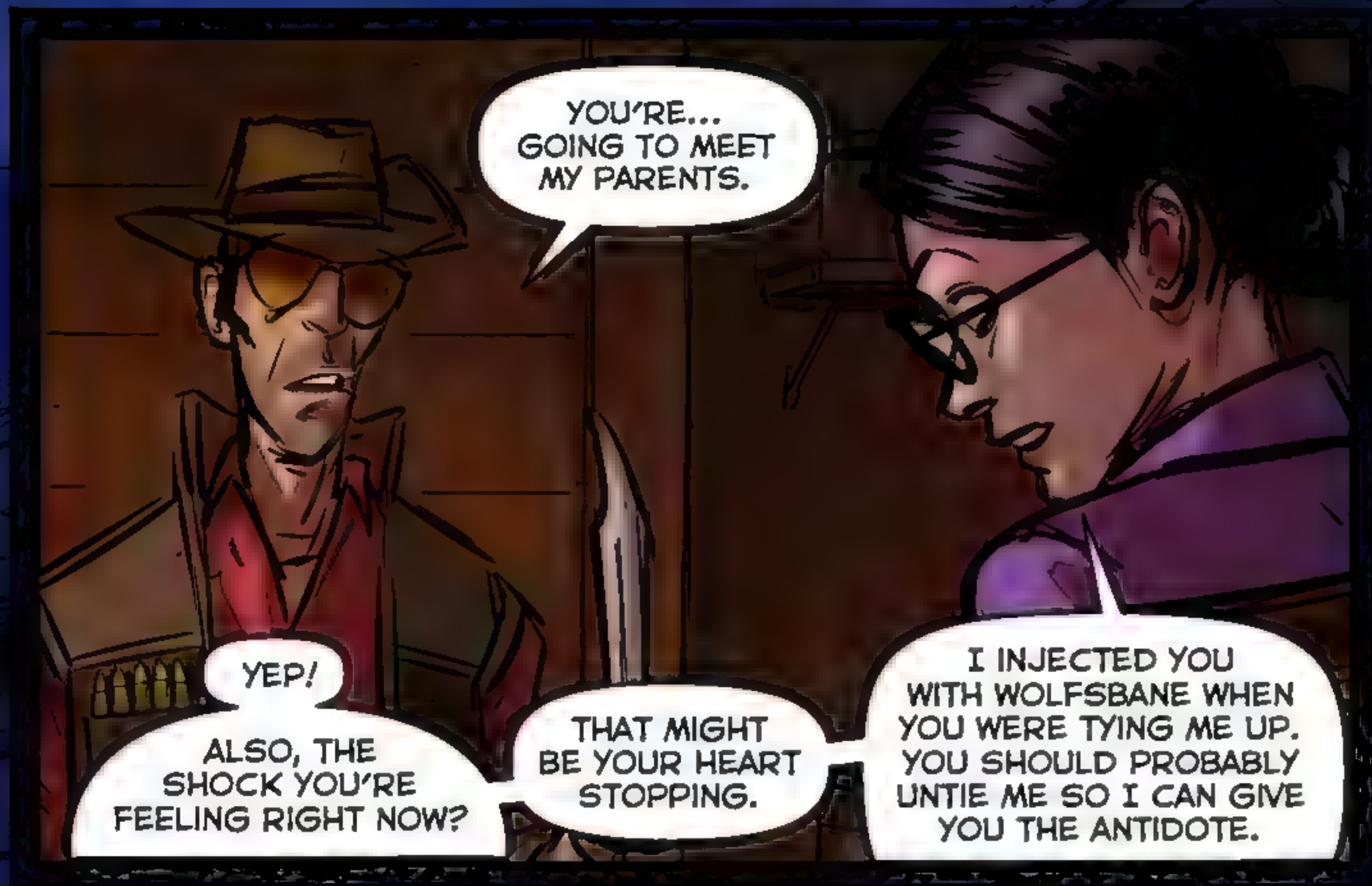
YOU'RE...
GOING TO MEET
MY PARENTS.

YEP!

ALSO, THE
SHOCK YOU'RE
FEELING RIGHT NOW?

THAT MIGHT
BE YOUR HEART
STOPPING.

I INJECTED YOU
WITH WOLFSBANE WHEN
YOU WERE TYING ME UP.
YOU SHOULD PROBABLY
UNTIE ME SO I CAN GIVE
YOU THE ANTIDOTE.



YOU'RE... GOING TO MEET MY PARENTS.

YEP!

ALSO, THE SHOCK YOU'RE FEELING RIGHT NOW?

THAT MIGHT BE YOUR HEART STOPPING.

I INJECTED YOU WITH WOLFSBANE WHEN YOU WERE TYING ME UP. YOU SHOULD PROBABLY UNTIE ME SO I CAN GIVE YOU THE ANTIDOTE.



HEH. IS THAT WHERE YOU WERE GOING TO BURY US?

YEP. RIGHT IN THOSE SHALLOW GRAVES.

YOU KNOW, YOU COULD BE DIGGING THOSE SIX INCHES SHALLOWER.

HRM. THAT SEEMS TOO SHALLOW. BARELY EVEN A GRAVE AT THAT POINT.

I THOUGHT THE SAME THING. BUT HERE'S THE SECRET: GET A HACKSAW.

SPEEDS UP THE DECOMP RATE. TRUST ME, TEN MINUTES WITH A SAW WILL SAVE YOU THIRTY WITH A SHOVEL.

HM.

GRGL

SPEAKIN' OF GRAVES, SHOULD I JUST...


NO, WE'LL NEED HIM.

DAMN,
THAT IS *IN*
THERE.

TELL YOU
WHAT, LET'S PUT
YOU UNDER SO
I CAN-

JUST DO IT.





DAMN,
THAT IS *IN*
THERE.

TELL YOU
WHAT, LET'S PUT
YOU UNDER SO
I CAN—

JUST DO IT.

I, UH... WELL—
LOOK, THIS IS GONNA
HURT, MA'AM.

MISTER CONAGHER,
I HAVEN'T FELT ANYTHING
IN A LONG TIME.

SUIT YERSELF.


LET'S
GET THIS LITTLE
NUMBER OUT.

SHLLKTT




THERE SHE IS.
THE MARK FIVE.

NOW, SHE'LL RUN LEAN.
PROBABLY A QUARTER OF THE
AUSTRALIUM THE MARK FOUR
WAS GOBLIN' UP.



BUT I'LL BE
HONEST WITH YA,
WE'RE JUST KICKIN'
THE CAN DOWN THE
ROAD HERE.

WHEN IT RUNS
OUT... WELL...




WHEN IT
RUNS OUT,
I WILL DIE.

YOUR FAMILY HAS
ALREADY GIVEN ME MORE TIME
THAN ANY OF US DESERVES,
MISTER CONAGHER.



THERE SHE IS.
THE MARK FIVE.

NOW, SHE'LL RUN LEAN.
PROBABLY A QUARTER OF THE
AUSTRALIUM THE MARK FOUR
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BUT I'LL BE
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WHEN IT RUNS
OUT... WELL...

WHEN IT
RUNS OUT,
I WILL DIE.

YOUR FAMILY HAS
ALREADY GIVEN ME MORE TIME
THAN ANY OF US DESERVES,
MISTER CONAGHER.



I DON'T NEED
MUCH MORE.

JUST ENOUGH
TO SETTLE AN
OLD DEBT.



THE NINE OF YOU WERE HAND-PICKED BY THE ADMINISTRATOR BECAUSE YOU'RE THE *BEST OF THE BEST*, SOLDIER.

AGREED. CONTINUE.



THAT MEANS I CAN TRUST YOU.

I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS "ZHANNA" IS.

WHAT IF SHE COMPROMISES THE MISSION? SHE HAS A NECKLACE OF *HUMAN EARS*, FOR GOD'S SAKE.



THE NINE OF YOU WERE HAND-PICKED BY THE ADMINISTRATOR BECAUSE YOU'RE THE *BEST OF THE BEST*, SOLDIER.

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I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS "ZHANNA" IS.

WHAT IF SHE COMPROMISES THE MISSION? SHE HAS A NECKLACE OF HUMAN EARS, FOR GOD'S SAKE.



YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT ZHANNA?

HERE IS STORY ABOUT ZHANNA.

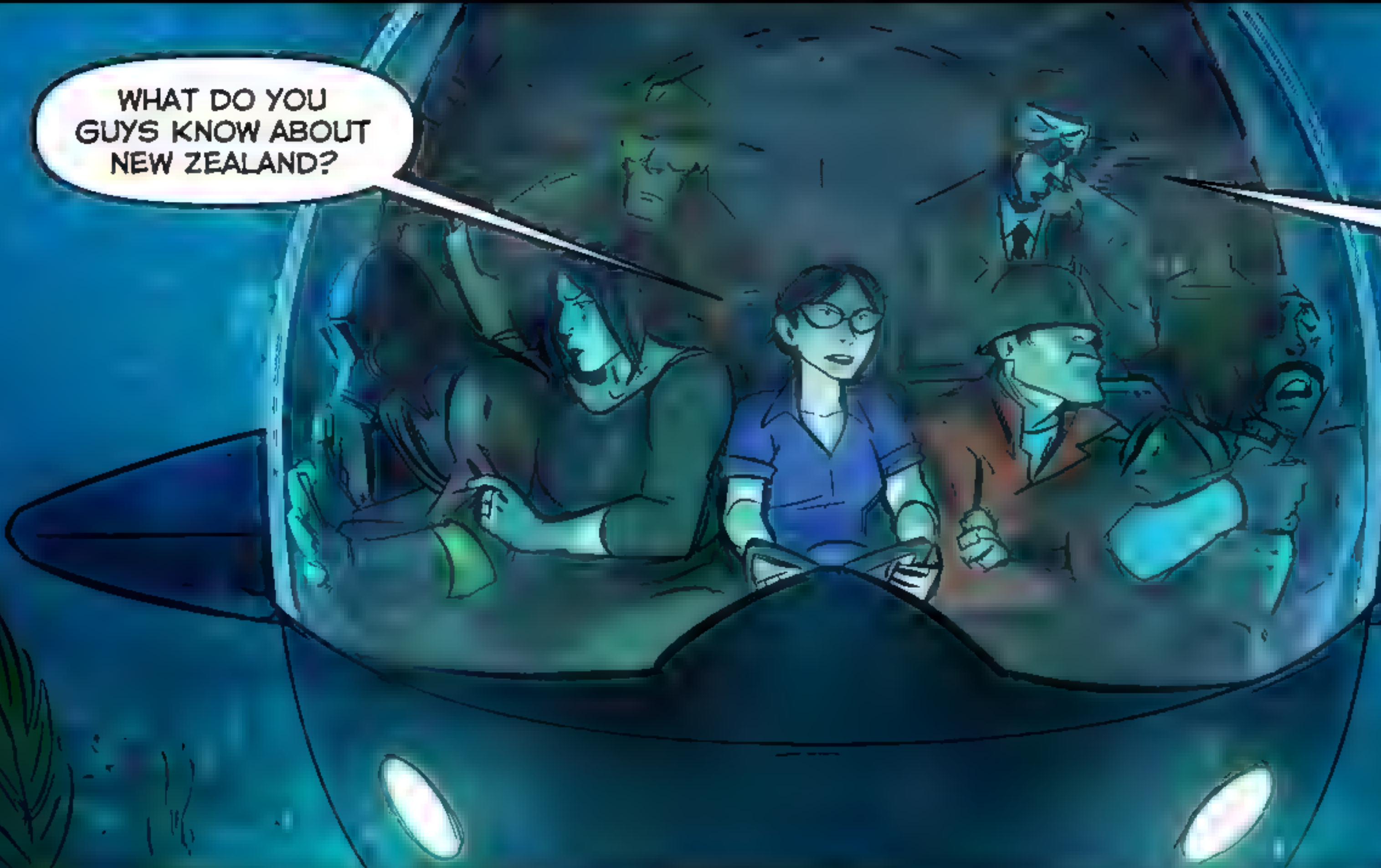
ONCE UPON A TIME I DO NOT LIKE YOU.

THE END.



YOU SAID SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD WE WERE SAYING!

YES. I MEANT THAT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU WERE SAYING.

A group of five people are inside a submarine, looking out through the circular portholes. The scene is dimly lit with blue and green tones. The people are dressed in casual to semi-formal attire. One person in the center is wearing glasses and a blue shirt. Another person on the right is wearing a red jacket and a cap. The submarine has two small lights on its front.

WHAT DO YOU GUYS KNOW ABOUT NEW ZEALAND?

THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO TELL US ABOUT IT AT LENGTH.


A woman with dark hair tied back is seen from behind, speaking to a group of people. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with blue and green lighting. The people she is addressing are mostly seen from the back or side. The woman is wearing a blue top. The background shows some foliage and a window or porthole.

A LOT OF PEOPLE CONFUSE IT WITH AUSTRALIA. BUT NEW ZEALAND WAS REALLY THE OPPOSITE.

ARTISTS. INTELLECTUALS. SCIENTISTS.

ALL THEY WANTED WAS TO BE LEFT ALONE.

FORTY YEARS AGO THEY GOT THEIR WISH.



THEY BUILT A GIANT
GLASS DOME OVER THE
WHOLE COUNTRY AND
SUNK IT TO THE BOTTOM
OF THE OCEAN.

THEY LIVED DOWN
HERE FOR YEARS.

IT MUST HAVE
BEEN A UTOPIA.
A PARADISE UNDER
THE SEA.

BUT
SOMETHING
HAPPENED.





THAT'S WHERE
MY REAL PARENTS ARE?
THE LOST BLOODY LAND
OF NEW ZEALAND?

ACCORDING TO
THE ADMINISTRATOR,
YES.

ALONG WITH
THE LAST CACHE OF
AUSTRALIUM.

LOOK ALIVE,
EVERYBODY.
WE'RE HERE.

B-DEEP

CROOOOOM

SO HELP ME
GOD, IF YOU AND
THAT OLD DEVIL
ARE MAKIN' THIS
UP, I'LL...

I'LL...

THAT'S WHERE
MY REAL PARENTS ARE?
THE LOST BLOODY LAND
OF NEW ZEALAND?

ACCORDING TO
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YES.

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LOOK ALIVE,
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WE'RE HERE.

B-DEEP

CROOOOOM

DAD?

SO HELP ME
GOD, IF YOU AND
THAT OLD DEVIL
ARE MAKIN' THIS
UP, I'LL...

I'LL...



A comic book illustration of a bearded man with long white hair and a blue robe, standing in a dark, forest-like setting. He has his arms outstretched in a welcoming gesture. Two glowing yellow staffs with circular patterns are positioned on either side of him. Two speech bubbles are located above him, one containing the text 'WELCOME TO NEW ZEALAND, SON.' and the other containing 'WELCOME HOME.'

WELCOME TO NEW
ZEALAND, SON.

WELCOME HOME.



MINISTERS!

**A DECADE
AGO I WARNED YOU
A DISASTER WAS
COMING!**

**I WARNED YOU WE
MUST MOVE OUR NATION
BENEATH THE SEA!**

**AND YOU
WOULD NOT
LISTEN!**



WE DID LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER RIGHT NOW!

WE DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US TO! AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

OF COURSE NOT!
THE POINT IS, I WAS RIGHT THEN AND I AM RIGHT NOW!

AND I AM TELLING YOU WE NEED TO GET THIS STINKING COUNTRY OUT OF THE OCEAN AND INTO SPACE!

WE DID LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER RIGHT NOW!

WE DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US TO! AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

BILL-BEL, WE WOULD LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN TO STOP LIVING IN A FRAGILE GLASS DOME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!

WE ALL HATE LIVING UNDERWATER! IT IS THE WORST!

BUT YOU EXHAUSTED ALL OF OUR RESOURCES GETTING US HERE!

WE'RE BROKE!

OF COURSE NOT! THE POINT IS, I WAS RIGHT THEN AND I AM RIGHT NOW!

AND I AM TELLING YOU WE NEED TO GET THIS STINKING COUNTRY OUT OF THE OCEAN AND INTO SPACE!

GET OUT!



WE DID LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER RIGHT NOW!

WE DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US TO! AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

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WE ALL HATE LIVING UNDERWATER! IT IS THE WORST!

BUT YOU EXHAUSTED ALL OF OUR RESOURCES GETTING US HERE!

WE'RE BROKE!

GET OUT!



NEW ZEALAND.

MANY YEARS AGO.

NO MONEY... BAH!

HAVE TO HAVE MONEY SOMEWHERE...

MY CALCULATIONS PROVE IT!

BILL-BEL!
HUSBAND,
WHAT DID
THEY SAY?

THEY TOLD ME
THEY'D SPENT ALL
OF THEIR MONEY
ALREADY!

WHAT? DID YOU
SHOW THEM YOUR
CALCULATIONS PROVING
HOW MUCH MONEY
THEY HAVE?

I DIDN'T
HAVE THE
CHANCE!

WHAT?

THEY ALSO SAID
THEY HATED LIVING
IN THE DOME!

DID YOU TELL THEM
THAT EVERYBODY LOVES
LIVING IN THE DOME?

I TRIED!
THEY KICKED
ME OUT!





BILL-BEL!
HUSBAND,
WHAT DID
THEY SAY?

THEY TOLD ME
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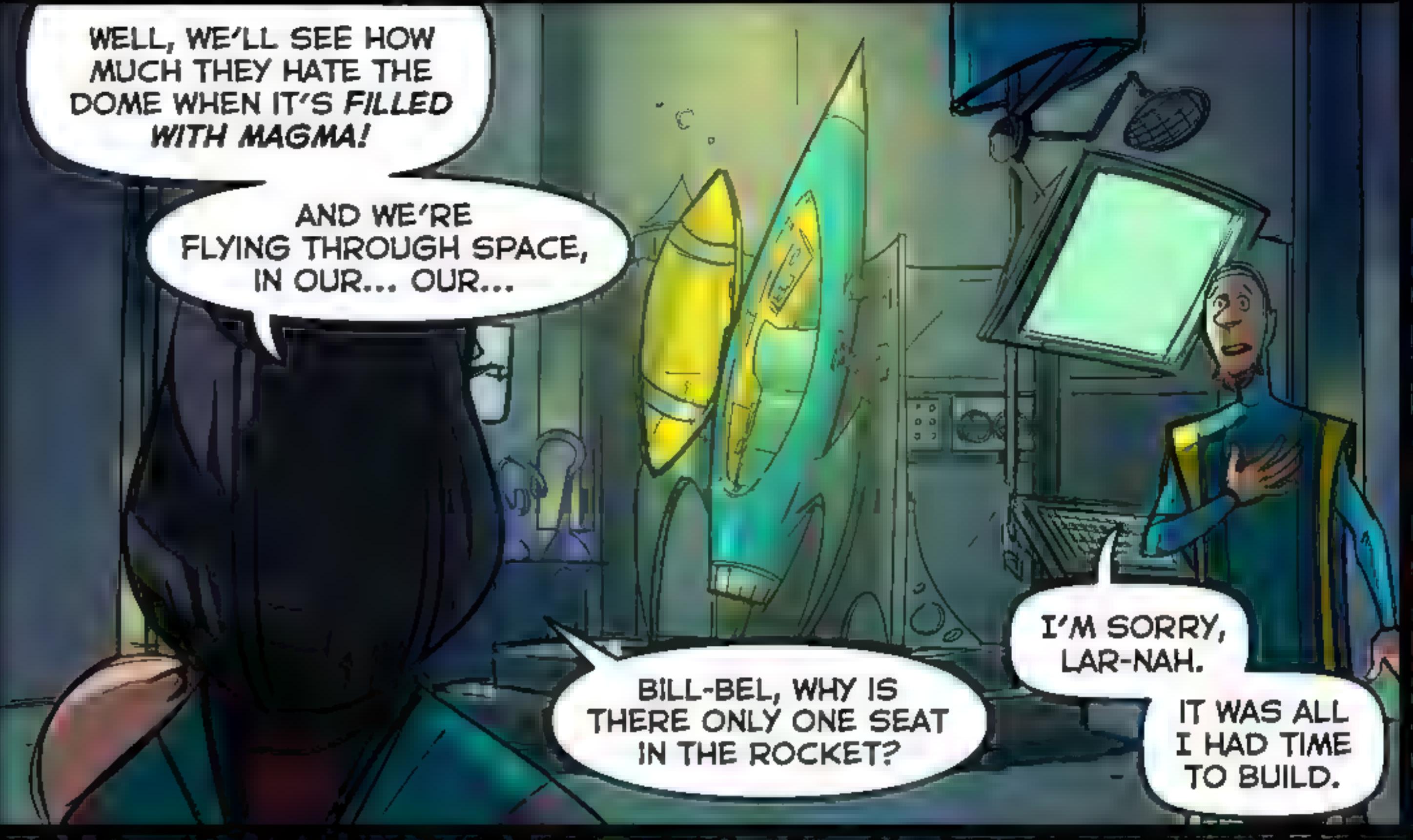
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I TRIED!
THEY KICKED
ME OUT!



WELL, WE'LL SEE HOW
MUCH THEY HATE THE
DOME WHEN IT'S FILLED
WITH MAGMA!

AND WE'RE
FLYING THROUGH SPACE,
IN OUR... OUR...

BILL-BEL, WHY IS
THERE ONLY ONE SEAT
IN THE ROCKET?

I'M SORRY,
LAR-NAH.

IT WAS ALL
I HAD TIME
TO BUILD.



OH,
BILL-BEL...

WE CAN'T SAVE
OUR PEOPLE, DEAR
WIFE. BUT WE CAN AT
LEAST SAVE OUR
FUTURE.

GIVE ME
LITTLE
MUN-DEE.

BILL-BEL/
HUSBAND,
WHAT DID
THEY SAY?

THEY TOLD ME
THEY'D SPENT ALL
OF THEIR MONEY
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BILL-BEL, WHY IS
THERE ONLY ONE SEAT
IN THE ROCKET?

I'M SORRY,
LAR-NAH.

IT WAS ALL
I HAD TIME
TO BUILD.

I WANT TO EMBRACE HIM
ONE LAST TIME BEFORE
I FLY TO SAFETY IN
THIS ROCKET.

OH,
BILL-BEL...

WE CAN'T SAVE
OUR PEOPLE, DEAR
WIFE. BUT WE CAN AT
LEAST SAVE OUR
FUTURE.

GIVE ME
LITTLE
MUN-DEE.

I'M SURE YOU'LL
AGREE IT'S ONLY FAIR
THAT THE PERSON WHO
DISCOVERED THE DANGER
SHOULD BE THE ONE TO
ESCAPE FROM IT.



DO NOT WEEP FOR ME, MY WIFE AND CHILD, FOR IT IS A FAR SAFER PLACE I GO TO THAN—

LAR-NAH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GET THE @*% OUT OF MY ROCKET!



THERE WAS NOTHING KEEPING YOU AND THE BABY FROM BUILDING YOUR OWN SPACESHIPS!

I PAID FOR THIS TINY PIECE OF CRAP! I'M THE ONLY ONE OF US WITH A JOB!



ENF

RFF



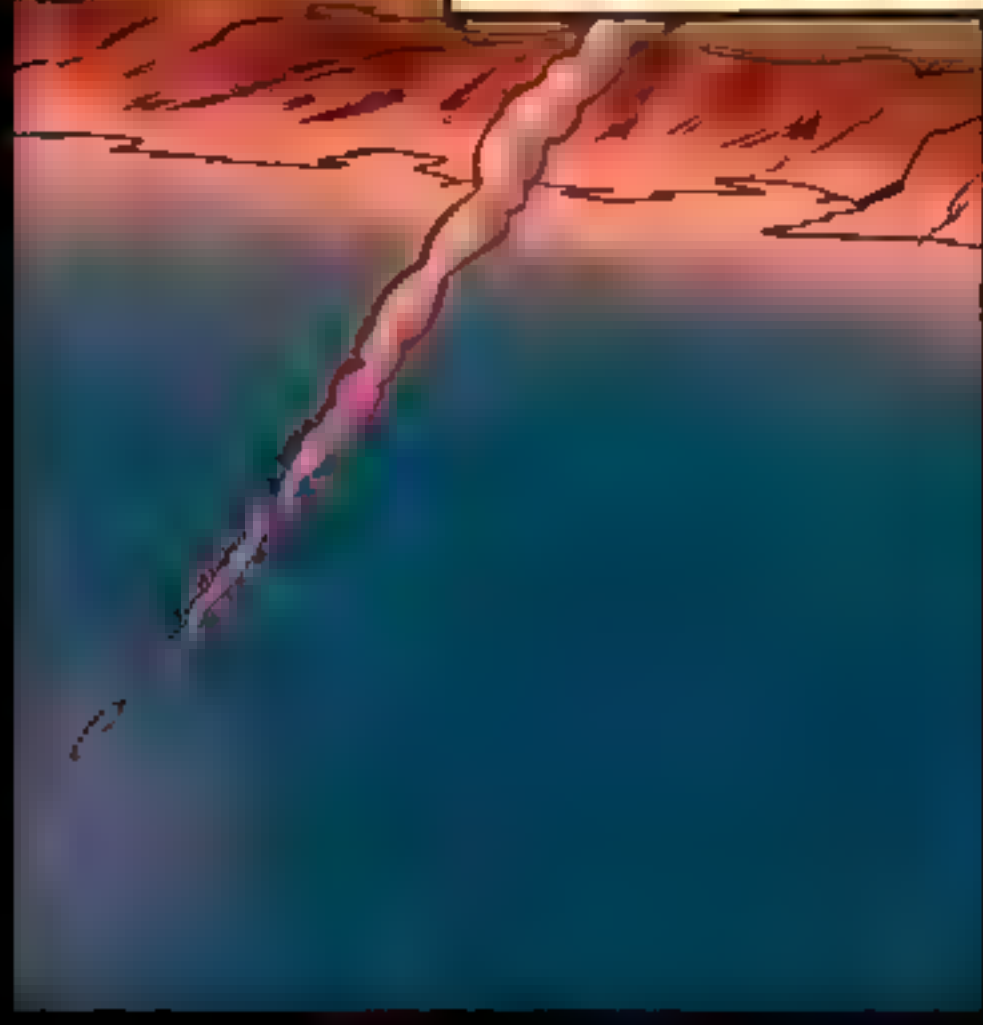
THE SHIP! IT'S STARTING!

WHAT?

MUN-DEE! THAT'S MOMMY'S SHIP! GET OUT OF THERE THIS INSTANT!

BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES
NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE ROCKET *BLASTS OFF*,
SMASHING THROUGH NEW
ZEALAND'S PROTECTIVE
DOME, UP INTO *THE STARS!*



BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE ROCKET *BLASTS OFF*, SMASHING THROUGH NEW ZEALAND'S PROTECTIVE DOME, UP INTO *THE STARS*!

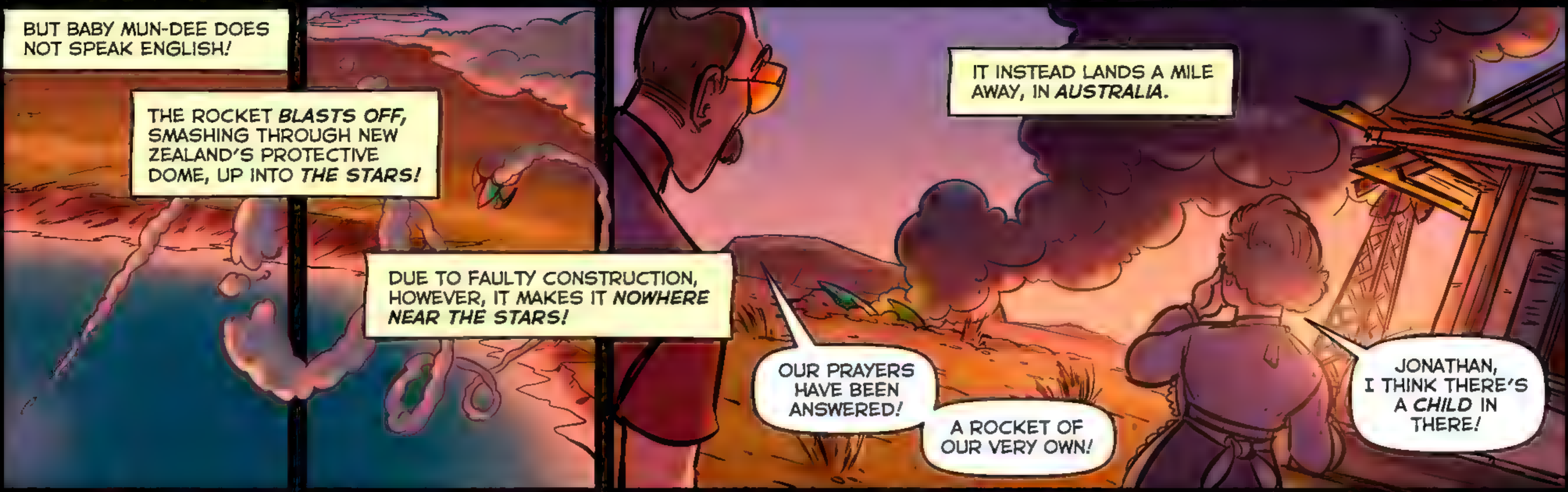
DUE TO FAULTY CONSTRUCTION, HOWEVER, IT MAKES IT *NOWHERE NEAR THE STARS*!

OUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED!

A ROCKET OF OUR VERY OWN!

IT INSTEAD LANDS A MILE AWAY, IN *AUSTRALIA*.

JONATHAN, I THINK THERE'S A *CHILD* IN THERE!



BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE ROCKET *BLASTS OFF*, SMASHING THROUGH NEW ZEALAND'S PROTECTIVE DOME, UP INTO *THE STARS*!

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A ROCKET OF OUR VERY OWN!

JONATHAN, I THINK THERE'S A *CHILD* IN THERE!

GREAT. YOUR STUPID ROCKET BROKE THE DOME.

NOW WE WON'T EVEN LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE YOUR PROPHECY COME TRUE.

WELL, AT LEAST WE CAN TAKE SOME COMFORT.

THERE MAY BE NO FUTURE FOR *US*...

OR FOR *NEW ZEALAND*...

BUT LITTLE MUN-DEE WILL HAVE A FUTURE FOR *HIMSELF*.

BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE ROCKET *BLASTS OFF*, SMASHING THROUGH NEW ZEALAND'S PROTECTIVE DOME, UP INTO *THE STARS*!

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THERE MAY BE NO FUTURE FOR *US*...

OR FOR *NEW ZEALAND*...

BUT LITTLE MUN-DEE WILL HAVE A FUTURE FOR *HIMSELF*.

HMM.

NO, I KNOW.

I'M NOT COMFORTED EITHER.

...AND THANKS TO YOUR FATHER, EVERYONE IN NEW ZEALAND DROWNED, AND WE'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS SEALED LAB EVER SINCE.

WHERE YOUR MOTHER HAS BEEN TRYING TO DROWN HERSELF, ONE BOTTLE OF WINE AT A TIME.

BILL-BEL, WHEN THIS WINE RUNS OUT I AM GOING TO SHOOT YOU AND THEN KILL MYSELF.

YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, LAR-NAH? TO GET THROUGH ONE DAY WITHOUT YOU PROPOSING A MURDER-SUICIDE.

...AND THANKS TO YOUR FATHER, EVERYONE IN NEW ZEALAND DROWNED, AND WE'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS SEALED LAB EVER SINCE.

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YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, LAR-NAH? TO GET THROUGH ONE DAY WITHOUT YOU PROPOSING A MURDER-SUICIDE.

IT... IT ALL MAKES SO MUCH SENSE NOW.

WHY I NEVER GREW A MOUSTACHE OR AUSTRALIA-SHAPED CHEST HAIR.

WHY I NEVER WANTED TO FIST-FIGHT LIKE THE OTHER KIDS. I'D JUST HIDE IN A TREE AND THROW STONES AT THEM...

IT'S BECAUSE I'M NOT...

ACTUALLY...

...AND THANKS TO YOUR FATHER, EVERYONE IN NEW ZEALAND DROWNED, AND WE'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS SEALED LAB EVER SINCE.

WHERE YOUR MOTHER HAS BEEN TRYING TO DROWN HERSELF, ONE BOTTLE OF WINE AT A TIME.

BILL-BEL, WHEN THIS WINE RUNS OUT I AM GOING TO SHOOT YOU AND THEN KILL MYSELF.

YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, LAR-NAH? TO GET THROUGH ONE DAY WITHOUT YOU PROPOSING A MURDER-SUICIDE.

UM. HI. IF I COULD BUTT IN FOR JUST A SECOND HERE...

DID EITHER OF YOU NOTICE A BIG PILE OF YELLOW ROCKS AROUND HERE?

THEY'RE, UM, WORTHLESS, PRETTY MUCH. BUT MY EMPLOYER HAS A CRAZY FONDNESS —



HA HA!

MY GOOD WOMAN,
I'M A **SCIENTIST!** YOU
CAN'T FOOL ME. I KNOW
THE TRUE VALUE OF
THAT METAL.



DANG.

I FORGOT
YOU WERE A
SCIENTIST.

SO YOU PROBABLY
ALREADY FIGURED OUT IT
WORKS AS A NUCLEAR
SUPERFUEL.

WHICH MEANS YOU **ALSO** PUT
TOGETHER THAT IT CAN HYPER-EXTEND
THE HUMAN LIFESPAN.



HA HA!

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WHICH MEANS YOU ALSO PUT
TOGETHER THAT IT CAN HYPER-EXTEND
THE HUMAN LIFESPAN.



EXACTLY. THAT'S
EXACTLY PRECISELY
WHAT I WAS—

HE HAD NO IDEA.

YOU WANNA SEE
WHAT THE GENIUS
DID WITH IT?

YOU USED IT
TO PAINT YOUR
SPACESHIP?

HARDLY. THIS
REPRESENTS A
FRACTION OF THE
AUSTRALIUM.

OH THANK
GOD.

I USED MOST
OF IT TO PAINT THE *PROTOTYPE*
SPACESHIPS.

WHERE—?

THEY
EXPLODED.



YOU USED IT TO PAINT YOUR SPACESHIP?

HARDLY. THIS REPRESENTS A FRACTION OF THE AUSTRALIUM.

OH THANK GOD.

I USED MOST OF IT TO PAINT THE *PROTOTYPE* SPACESHIPS.

WHERE—?

THEY EXPLODED.



YOU...

YOU...

YOU...



HERE. THIS HELPS.





HOLD ON, I JUST REALIZED...

SON... HOW DID YOU GET BACK FROM SPACE?

I NEVER GOT TO SPACE, DAD! I CRASH-LANDED ON EARTH!

BUT... HOW DID YOU SURVIVE? THE EARTH WAS COVERED IN MAGMA YEARS AGO! I CALCULATED IT!



DAD! THERE IS NO MAGMA! THE WORLD'S FINE!

WE HAVE SOMETHING CALLED AMERICA NOW!

HOLD ON, I JUST REALIZED...

SON... HOW DID YOU GET BACK FROM SPACE?

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DAD! THERE IS NO MAGMA! THE WORLD'S FINE!

WE HAVE SOMETHING CALLED AMERICA NOW!

SO...

THE EARTH HASN'T BEEN DESTROYED. AND OUR SPACESHIP IS COVERED IN A PRICELESS METAL.

WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT OUR STAR-CHILD HAS RETURNED! FROM THE FARTHEST REACHES OF SPACE!

SON, I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO ME.

LAR-NAH! THAT'S ALL JUST CONJECTURE!

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WAITING TO ASK YOU FOR A LONG TIME.

HOLD ON, I JUST REALIZED...

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SON, I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO ME.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WAITING TO ASK YOU FOR A LONG TIME.

DO YOU... HAVE ANY MONEY.

LAR-NAH! THAT'S ALL JUST CONJECTURE!

THANKS, SON.
DON'T TELL
YOUR MOTHER.

WHERE IS
YOUR MOTHER,
ANYWAY?



FOOOM





MOM!

NO NO NO
NO NO NO!

YOUR MOTHER
JUST STOLE THE
LAST AUSTRALIUM
ON EARTH!

UNLESS...



MOM!

**NO NO NO
NO NO NO!**

YOUR MOTHER
JUST STOLE THE
LAST AUSTRALIUM
ON EARTH!

UNLESS...



HFF

HFF

HFF



WE NEED TO LEAVE
RIGHT NOW.

WAITWAITWAIT!
SNIPER'S FATHER
COULDN'T GET HIS
ROCKET INTO ORBIT
THE FIRST TIME,
REMEMBER?

I NEED TO
FIND OUT WHERE
SHE LANDS!

WE CAN
STILL SALVAGE
THE MISSION!
WE CAN—

OH NO.



"IT'S GONE."

"THE ONE THING SHE
SENT US TO GET..."

"THE ADMINISTRATOR IS
GOING TO KILL ME."





SHE WON'T GET THE CHANCE UNLESS WE HURRY.

GUYS! GET TO THE SUB!



WAIT! WHERE'S MY DAD?

HE MUST BE BACK AT THE LAB!

SNIPER, DON'T! IF YOU GO BACK, YOU'LL DIE!



SHE WON'T GET THE CHANCE UNLESS WE HURRY.

GUYS! GET TO THE SUB!



IT DON'T MATTER.

HE'S MY DAD.



WAIT! WHERE'S MY DAD?

HE MUST BE BACK AT THE LAB!

SNIPER, DON'T! IF YOU GO BACK, YOU'LL DIE!

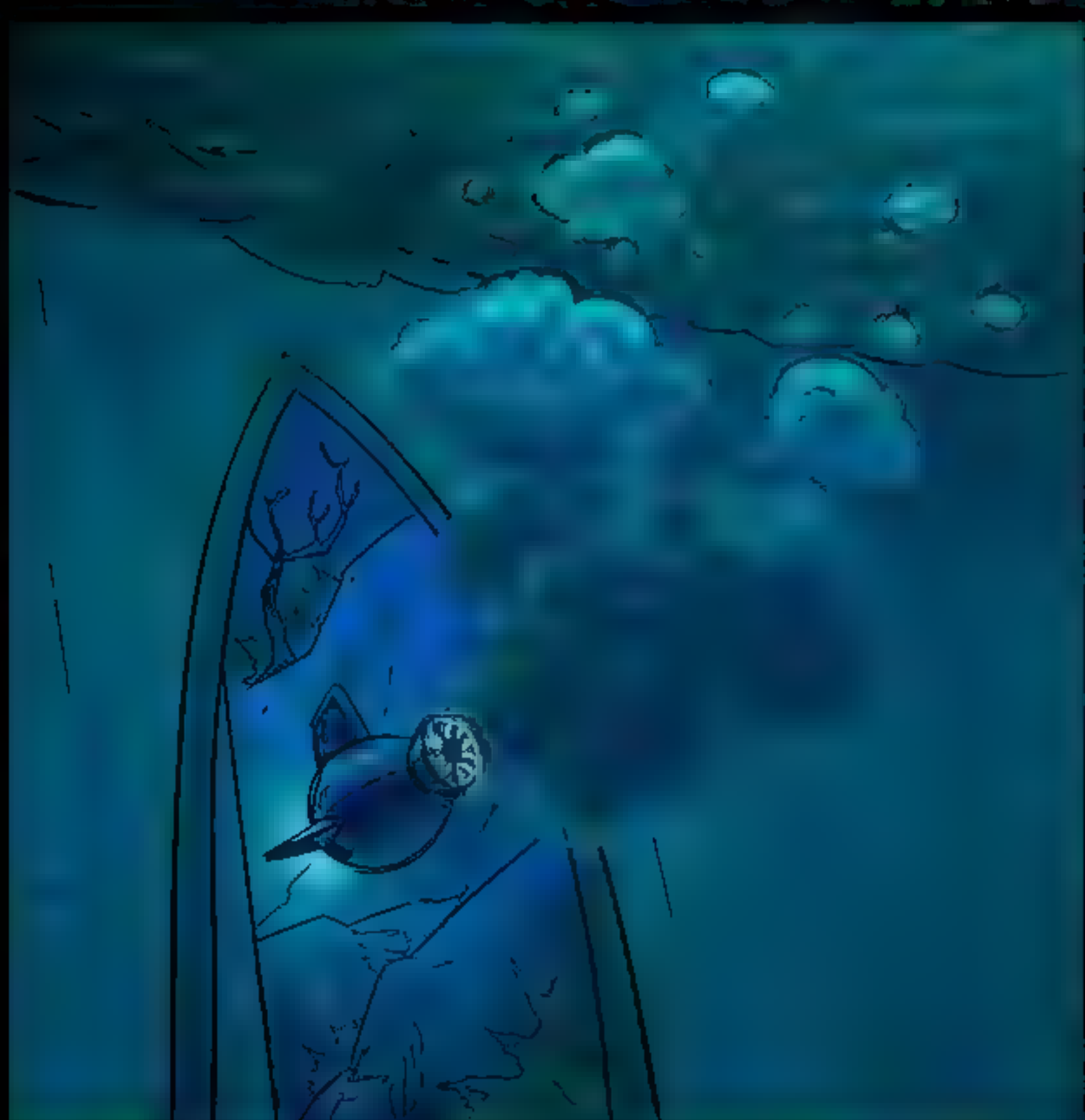
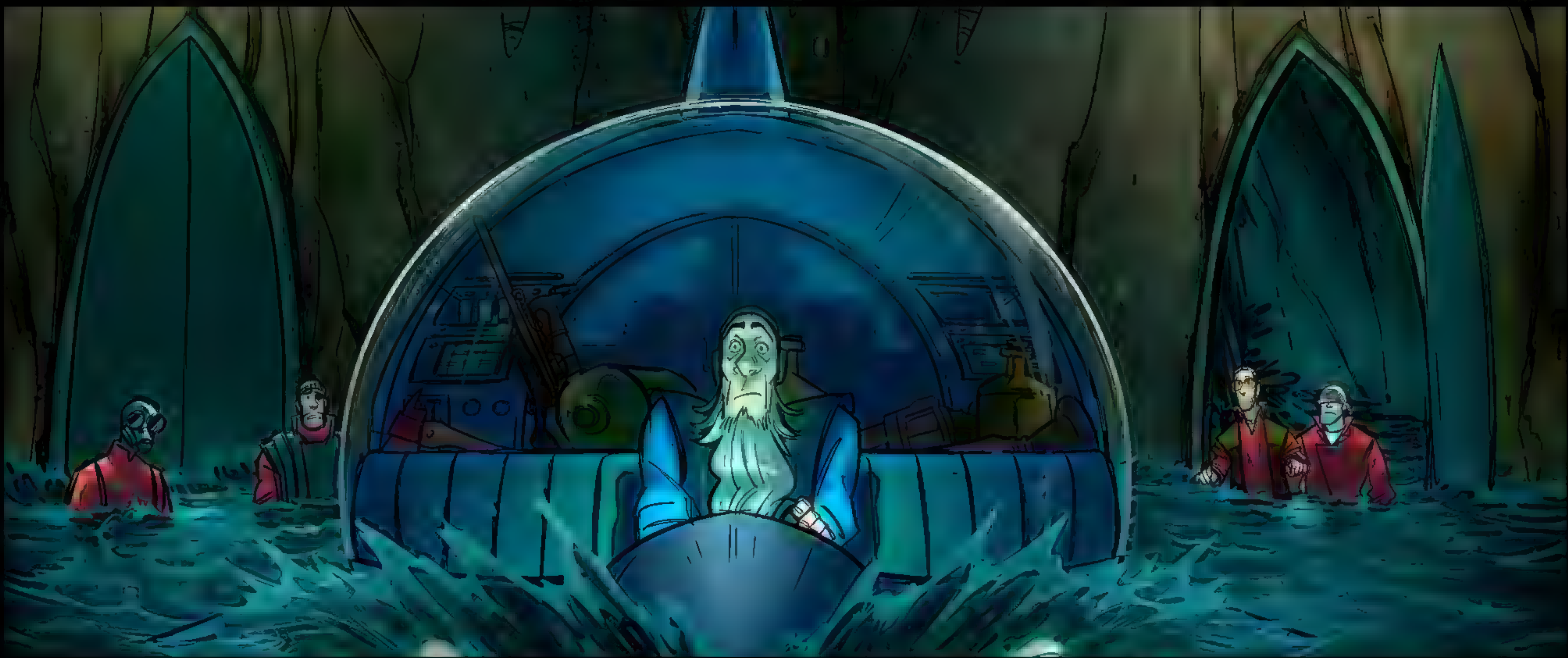


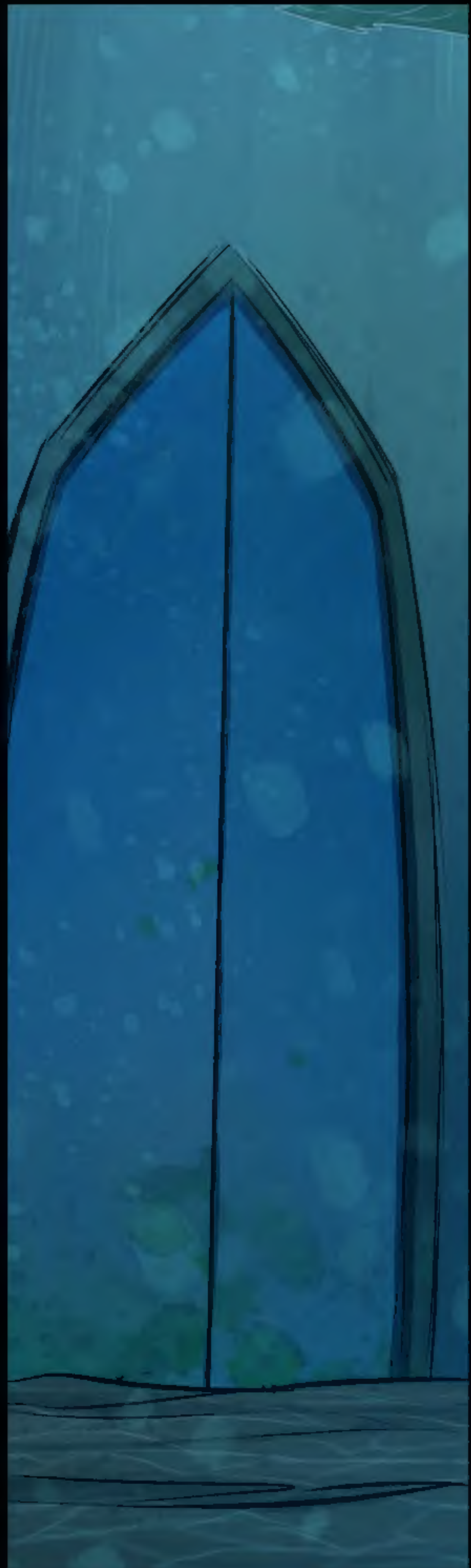
IF I'M NOT BACK IN—

THERE HE IS.

OVER THERE. BY OUR SUBMARINE.

NOW HE IS *IN* OUR SUBMARINE.





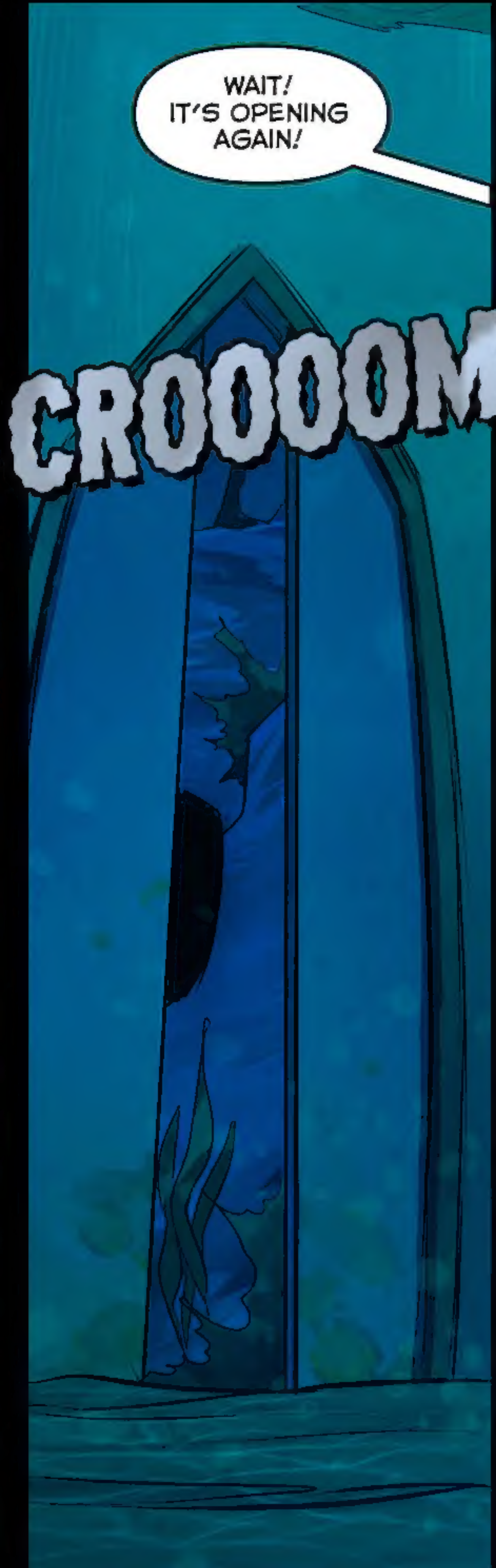
WAIT!
IT'S OPENING
AGAIN!

CROOOOOM

HE CAME
BACK.

HE CAME
BACK!

AW,
HELL.



WAIT!
IT'S OPENING
AGAIN!





I HOPE THE REST OF YOU REJECTS DON'T DIE THAT EASY.

'CAUSE WE GOT SOME QUESTIONS THAT NEED ANSWERS.

SO...



WHO WANTS TO GO FIRST?

TO BE CONTINUED